engine with him. Carrying it in his arms, he followed Luella down the stairs.

As they drew near to the door of the sitting-room she said: "Remember to bow to the Italian gentleman, and call him 'Your Excellency'."

"Why?" Enrico enquired.

"Because he is a very important man."

Enrico considered this for a moment. Then he said: " 'Rico . . show . . his fast . . train."

"I am sure he will appreciate that," Luella smiled, "but do not forget to say 'Your Excellency'."

She repeated it in Italian and thought that Enrico understood.

A footman who had been waiting in the corridor announced them. They went in hand-in-hand to find the Duke standing with his back to the fireplace. The Ambassador was sitting comfortably in an armchair.

When Luella came towards them he rose to his feet, and the Duke said: "Your Excellency, allow me to introduce Miss Hanley, who has, as I told you, been extremely helpful to me."

The Ambassador smiled and held out his hand to Luella who said: "It is an honour to meet Your Excellency."

"His Grace has been telling me about your father," the Ambassador replied, "and I will be extremely interested to read his new book, especially what he has to say about St. Peter's and of course the Cathedral in Milan."

"I am hoping to get it published quite soon," Luella replied.

"Now let me look at this young man about whom

I have been told so much," the Ambassador said. He bent towards Enrico who was holding his engine tightly as if he was afraid it might be taken away from him. "I am told your name is Enrico," the Ambassador said in Italian.

As the little boy glanced up at him, Luella saw the Ambassador stiffen. He was staring at the child in a strange manner. Because she felt frightened for Enrico, she asked quickly: "What . . is it? What is . . wrong?"

The Ambassador did not answer. He was just looking down at Enrico with an incredulous expression on his face. Finally he said in a voice that sounded very different from the way it had before: "When did you say this child was born?"

"If Vecchio is to be believed," the Duke replied, "on February 2nd, 1875."

The Ambassador was silent, still staring at Enrico, and the Duke asked: "Why do you ask? Is something wrong?"

The Ambassador straightened himself. As he did so Luella looked at him questioningly. She was then aware why she had thought there was something familiar about him. His eyebrows turned up at the sides and, although it was not very marked, there was definitely a widow's peak in the centre of his forehead. She gave a little gasp and the Ambassador said slowly in English: "I believe this boy to be my son!"

"Yours?" the Duke exclaimed in astonishment. Then as he looked at the Ambassador in the same way that Luella was doing, he, too, recognised the similarities between them.